Fri. Thou fond mad man, heare me a little ſpeake.
Rom. O thou wilt ſpeake againe of baniſhment.
Fri. Ile give thee armour to keepe off that word,
Adverſities ſweet milke, Philoſophy,
To comfort thee though thou art baniſhed.
Rom. Yet baniſhed? hang up Philoſophy,
Unleſſe Philoſophy can make a *Juliet*,
Diſplant a towne, reverſe a Princes doome,
It helpes not, it prevailes not, talke no more.
Fri. O then I ſee that mad men have no eares.
Rom. How ſhould they, when wiſe men have no eyes?
Fri. Let me diſpute with thee of thy eſtate.
Rom. Thou canſt not ſpeake of that thou do'ſt not feele.
Wert thou as young as I, *Juliet* thy love,
An houre but married, *Tibalt* murdered,
Doting like me, and like me baniſhed,
Then mightſt thou ſpeake,
Then mightſt thou teare thy haire,
And fall upon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the meaſure of an unmade grave.

Nurſe knockes.

Fri. Ariſe, one knockes, good *Romeo* hide thy ſelfe.
Rom. Not I, unleſſe the breath of heart-ſicke grones
Miſt-like infold me from the ſearch of eyes.

Knocke.

Fri. Harke how they knocke (who's there?) *Romeo* ariſe,
Thou wilt be taken (ſtay a while) ſtand up.

Knocke againe.

Run to my ſtudy (by and by) Gods will,
What ſimpleneſſe is this: I come, I come.

Knocke.

Who knockes ſo hard? whence come you? what's your will?

Enter Nurſe.

Nur. Let me come in, and you ſhall know my errand:
I come from Lady *Juliet*.
Fri. Welcome then.
Nur. O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,

Where's